

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE DISCOVERY.

Upon his coat she found a hair—
A yellow hair. Her own was black.
Some women in their blank despair
Would straight have had a heart attack.

Although she loved him passing well
And deemed him faithful hitherto,
She had no wretched fainting spell,
Nor did she make a great to-do.

She did not weep, she did not wall,
Or utter any sort of cry;
Her flower face it did not pale;
She did not even have a sigh.

She could not from herself disguise
The fact or sign of disbelief.
The hair was plain before her eyes.
There was another on his sleeve.

Ah, no! There could be no mistake.
Yes, they were yellow as could be.
Such things have caused fond hearts to break
And made all love and trust to flee.

What did that loving damsel do?
You'll very likely jeer and scoff,
Because it will seem strange to you,
But she secretly picked them off.

I think I said already that
She loved her lover passing well,
But he had just put down the cat,
And pussy was a tortoiseshell.
—Chicago Daily News.

Stairs of Sand

By ERNEST DE LANCY PIERSON.

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

Near the window through which he had been peering was an open door, and without knowing exactly why, he entered. The room was empty, but along one side ran a shelf, on which were ranged various rusty candlesticks containing pieces of candle, evidently for the use of the "guests."

Job helped himself to the largest piece of the candle he could find and appropriated some of the matches. "May need 'em," he muttered.

"This enterprise may carry me into many dark places."

As he came out of this room, he thought he heard the sound of steps below and the echoes of muffled voices.

"They must have got on my trail," he muttered. "Well, the only thing to do is to try and reach the roof; perhaps it may communicate with some other building. If not—well, I shall be caught."

As he approached the stair again the sound of the voices below became louder, and from the fragments of conversation that drifted up to him, he judged that the police were making an examination of the rooms on the lower floor.

"It will take 'em some time to do that," was the thought that was running through his mind, "and in the meantime who knows but I may be able to show them a clean pair of heels."

He had reached the stairs again, and, cautiously, that he might not awake the sleepers, ascended them slowly.

Whoever it was investigating the lower rooms, he did not take any precaution to muffle his voice, and fragments of what was said satisfied Job that the police were in the building.

He had now reached the upper floor, which, from the silence that prevailed, he judged to be unoccupied. There was a small iron ladder leading to the roof, and, without a moment's hesitation, he climbed this, and, opening the trap, closed it behind himself on the roof.

It was only through this trap that they could possibly find him, so he thought if he could only weight down the trap, they would have no easy task in reaching him. At the same time, if he found no way of escape from the roof, his enemies had only to wait, and he must eventually fall into their hands.

He closed the trap carefully, and seeing a pile of old lumber near at hand, by degrees brought the boards over in his strong arms, and piled them on top. When he found there was nothing else of a weighty nature that he could pile over the door, he wiped his forehead of its perspiration and sat down on the pile of boards to consider his situation.

Looked at in any light, his position seemed to be desperate, for the place was guarded below, and the house was full of policemen. He rose and walked to the further end of the roof, and then saw below him a low building that looked as if it were a factory of some sort. Then he wandered to the front of the building, and, looking down, thought he could see a policeman walking back and forth, and, beyond, others. So he returned to the contemplation of the little factory. If he could only reach that roof, it would not be hard to get to the street. But it lay far below him, and to jump would be impossible. Just then, as he was walking about, feeling very uneasy, he tripped over a rope fastened to one of the chimneys, and which at some time must have been employed in the work of painting the building.

It was only a short piece, but he took it up tenderly, undid the knots and then found that it was still of too short a length to be of any service to him. Rope in hand, he drew

near the brink of the roof, and peered down into the depths. The roof of the factory, or whatever it was, lay far below, but he saw a small projection jutting out from the building on which he was standing, about half way down. Ah, if the rope had only been double its length! Then a thought occurred to him whereby he might make his little rope do double service.

Fastening it to a hook, where a lightning-rod had formerly been, he threw the loose end over the wall, where it dangled in space. Under the knot he had tied about the hook he placed a candle and lit it. His intention was that by the time he had reached the lower projecting ledge, the candle would have burned its way through the rope, it would drop into his hands and then he would be able to use it again to reach the roof of the factory. Having arranged this, Job scrambled over the edge of the parapet, and, climbing to the rope, launched himself into space. He knew that it was possible that the candle might burn the rope through before he reached the ridge of safety, but it was necessary that he should take the risk. In his swinging descent, he could not help but look upward at the flaring candle, the progress of which was to decide his fate, for life or death. An old rope like that must consume rapidly. Would it ever last until he had reached the ledge?

But his movements had been so precipitate that he finally swung over on to the ledge and rested there, before the rope finally swept out with a trail of fire, the one end of which he still held. At the same time he heard a rumbling noise above his head which showed that the trap door had been forced open, and that the police must now be upon the roof.

They must soon see the candle, which in that calm and placid night was probably still burning, and they would know where to look for the man who was attempting to escape.

The ledge to which Job clung was before a great iron door probably used to admit goods into the establishment. He found a hook to which he could fasten the end of his rope, sadly charred by fire, and again launched himself into space.

It seemed to him that it was hours before he reached the end of the rope, and he could hear the angry voices on the top of the roof. Of course, as soon as they found the candle, they must find, too, where he had gone.

He had come to the end of the cable, and as there was nothing else to do, he let himself drop, where, he did not know, for it was very dark. He struck something hard—the roof of the factory—and then rolled down until stopped by a curving gutter. He looked with a shudder down into the street, which, though not far below, was of a sufficient distance to have killed him had he fallen.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FACE OF THE FOE.

Job Hendricks scrambled to his feet and looked up at the roof of the building he had escaped from but a few moments before. He could distinguish a number of dark, moving objects bearing lights. The police had brought lanterns with them to prosecute the search, and some, lying at full length, were peering down over the parapet of the building into the gloomy depths below.

Job did not move, hoping to escape observation in the shadows, and presently he heard one of the men above saying confidently:

"The poor wretch must have tried to climb down, and fell and killed himself."

Job waited to hear more but it was not forthcoming. Evidently the comrades of the man who had made this statement believed as he did that the object of their search had escaped them. After a time they slowly dispersed, and the light no longer twinkled from the roof above.

"Now or never is the time to get out of this," Job muttered to himself. "They are making for the street to make sure that I am dead, and, finding no sign of the remains, will probably renew the search."

Making his way carefully along the edge of the roof, he was overjoyed presently to come upon a fire-escape, which, though rusted with age and broken, enabled him to make his way down to the street. Feeling sure that the front of the hotel must be guarded, he chose to take the opposite direction.

Hearing the sound of steps approaching, he paused for a moment in the shadow of the factory, to see with whom he had to deal. The man had come out of one of the doors of the hotel, and as for a moment the light fell on his face, Job recognized him as the individual who had planned the ambush to secure possession of the paper. He made his way along with an unsteady gait, as if he had not fully recovered from his experience, or the narcotic effects of the ring.

Evidently the police had no further use for a man whom they believed had humbugged them, and so had permitted him to go his way, little caring what became of him.

Job was not sorry to see his quondam enemy, and after watching his unsteady progress for a while, resolved to go and follow him. For this personage interested him strangely, and he was not yet done racking his brains, hoping to find out in what important crisis they had once figured together.

Ellison, half stupefied, stumbled on like a man in a dream. He did not look back to see whether he was

followed or not. Now and then he would raise his head sleepily and stare around, as if to make sure where he was.

Hendricks was glad to remain unnoticed, for, after the exertions he had made in escaping, he was not prepared for a fresh encounter with any one.

Arrived at the corner of the street, Ellison paused in a dazed kind of way, as if he were looking for a carriage, little thinking that such luxuries were scarce in such a locality.

Job had meantime taken up his stand in a nearby doorway. Under the circumstances, it was not likely that he would be noticed.

"I wonder what next?" he heard Ellison mutter; then, with a silly laugh: "I suppose I shall be able to square myself with the police should I happen to be in the neighborhood again. Oh, dear!" with a groan, "I suppose I shall have to foot it home unless I have the luck to strike a carriage on the way. There don't seem to be anything on wheels in this cursed neighborhood," then swaying for a moment unsteadily on the curb, he drew himself together, and went lurching forward on his way with Job at his heels.

It was a long journey they made together, and Job was heartily glad that they met on vehicle on the road, for he had no desire for a run in his tired condition. He was still worrying his brains trying to recall where he had seen this man before, and ever the search eluded him.

"Time to acknowledge that you are getting to be an old man," he muttered to himself, "since you can't remember where you had dealings with this person in the past—and he played a mighty important part in your life, too."

Ellison had turned in a northerly direction, and was making his way along as if half asleep, and anxious to be home and in bed. He apparently had given up all hopes of getting a carriage.

They had reached the uptown residential district of the west side of the city, when Ellison suddenly turned to the right, passed down a narrow street, and paused before a door set in a white wall, and began to fumble in his pocket for a key.

As he stood there with the light of a street lamp shining upon his face, Job Hendricks, off in the shadows, suddenly clasped his hands together as if trying to conceal his emotion:

"Can it be possible?" he muttered. "Why, my poor old wits must have been wool-gathering all this time not to have recognized him before this! It is none other than the man who led me on—my old enemy, who found me when I was starving, and who tempted me into sinning, and to save himself, helped to send me to prison to languish half a lifetime!"

As these bitter thoughts surged through his mind, unable longer to control the hatred the sight of this man had summoned up, he ran forward with outstretched hands as if bent on a summary vengeance for his sufferings and wrongs. But before he had reached the gate or door in the wall, Ellison, all unconscious of danger, had slipped through and closed it behind him.

Job arrived just in time to see his enemy disappear among the shrubbery of the garden. He turned away with clenched hands and a muttered exclamation of baffled rage. Then he looked up at the white walls of the house that glimmered through the trees. "Why, bless me, it is James Ellison's house!" for he had often of late visited the place secretly, though he saw it from a different point of view.

"James Ellison's house, and this man evidently lives here," and then his memory went back to the day he had picked up that curiously written bit of paper in the drawing-room of The Grange at Exton. As he stood there, peering through the slats of the door, he saw the man he was interested in appear at the further end of the garden and then enter the door of a small pavilion.

A friend of Ellison's, perhaps a relative, for he had noticed the two men resembled each other.

"Well, I know where to find him," said Job to himself, when he turned away. "For the present I will busy myself finding out all about him. He has not turned honest since those old days, and I may trap him yet. Ah!" with a sigh, "how I wish that my work was done, and that I was at rest," and with bowed head he walked away from the place.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FACE TO FACE.

James Ellison, entering his private office one morning, was surprised to find a small, gray-haired man occupying the principal chair. The intruder had placed himself before the desk, and, at the sound of steps, he turned his head:

"Well, what is it?"

"I am surprised at your impudence," said Ellison, as he recognized his unwelcome visitor as Hendricks. "How on earth did you manage to get in here when the doors were locked?" and, as he said this, he made a motion toward the electric bell in the wall.

"Before you do that," said Job, with a warning gesture, "just wait and hear what I have to say. I won't detain you long, and I might perhaps interest you."

Ellison stepped back and did not attempt to ring the bell, but he regarded the other with an unwelcome eye.

"I suppose you know," said Job, coolly, "that Barnett is free, and may arrive here at any moment."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Ellison. "I won't believe it!"

"Ho, ho! You have betrayed yourself unwillingly," said Hendricks. Ellison drew himself up with a scornful air.

"Fellow, do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Unfortunately I do and am not proud of the fact."

Ellison advanced toward him, his right hand extended in a threatening way, as if he would do injury to the little man seated calmly at the desk.

"Do you know," said Ellison, "that I have but to open a window and call to the police, in order to have you arrested?"

"I see no particular reason why you should not do it," with a smile. "Do so by all means, my dear fellow."

Ellison allowed his hands to fall, and then, surprised at the reception of his threats, took a chair not far from where Job was seated.

"What do you want, anyway?" he asked, after a silence.

"Very little. But why don't you summon in your policemen if you want to, Mr. James Ellison?"

The other was silent.

"Because there are others beside myself who have reasons to fear a visit of the police. Now, then, Ellison, I believe you said that you were not unwilling that your daughter should marry Richard Barnett? Am I right?"

(To Be Continued.)

A VERY NEW FRIEND.

Tale About Paderewski Which Goes to Show That Women Were Not His Only Admirers.

An amusing story is told of an encounter in which Paderewski figured at a New York restaurant. Not very long ago the pianist chanced to be dining at a famous restaurant at the same time that the New York Goldsmiths' and Jewelers' association were having a celebration dinner in another part of the building. At the close of the feast, says one who was present, according to Youth's Companion, the pianist made his way to the cloak-room, and was busy washing his hands when one of the other party came in on the same mission.

The newcomer stared at the fair-haired Pole, and at last, as he dashed his hands through the water, said, "You are very like Paderewski. Do you know him?"

"I am Paderewski," rejoined the maestro, modestly.

"What!" shouted the other, and dashing at him, he shook both his hands without waiting to wipe his own.

Before there was time for Paderewski to escape, the man from the goldsmiths' dinner stepped to the door, and calling to the chiefs of his party, yelled, "I say, Brown, Jones, Smith, all of you, come here! I want to introduce you to my friend Paderewski."

The Doe and the Jackdaw.

In Saverne forest I once witnessed a very pretty little scene. I noticed a doe lying down by herself in a grassy hollow, and as I passed her at a distance of about 50 yards it struck me as singular that she kept her head so low down that I could only see the top of it on a level with her back. Walking round to get a better sight, I saw a jackdaw standing on the turf before her, very busy pecking at her face. With my glass I was able to watch her movements very closely; he pecked round her eyes, then her nostrils, her throat, and, in fact, every part of her face; and, just as a man when being shaved turns his face this way and that under the gentle guiding touch of the barber's fingers and lifts up his chin to allow the razor to pass beneath it, so did the doe raise and lower and turn her face about to enable the bird to examine and reach every part with his bill. Finally, the day left the face, and, moving round, jumped on the deer's shoulders, and began a minute search in that part; having finished this, he jumped on to the head and pecked at the forehead and round the bases of the ears. The pecking done, he remained for some seconds sitting perfectly still, looking very pretty with the graceful head for a stand, the doe's long ears thrust out on either side of him.—Birds and Man.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A pretty girl with big soft eyes can teach a man anything in the world but common sense. After a man has gambled in matrimony Wall street and horseracing are tame speculations. The more a man studies his wife's underclothes the more he wonders why he ever has a cent. The trouble with great moral forces is that they don't take care of the rent and the butcher's bill. The bachelor who dreams of slippers and an open fire comes to rubber boots and lugging in coal for the kitchen range.—N. Y. Press.

Prayed in Her Mother's Words.

The little girl with big soft eyes from home and her mother, who usually said grace in his absence, said to her little daughter: "You may ask the blessing this time." "What shall I say, mamma?" "Oh, say what you often have heard me say." "Very well, mamma," and the head, with its fair curls, bent reverently over the little clasped hands. "Where in Heaven's name all my sins go is a mystery to me," piped the baby voice. "Amen," she added.—Chicago Tribune.

VENEZUELA'S DEBTS.

Steps Are to Be Taken to Liquidate Them.

London, Nov. 29.—It is learned that important steps were taken in London Friday with a view to satisfying all the financial and diplomatic claims by foreign powers and bondholders against Venezuela. It is maintained that if the contemplated action meets with approval, Germany and Great Britain will have no cause to take the vigorous steps contemplated. The details of the suggested settlement have not been communicated to the European governments as yet. Their first move will be made known to the United States government probably Saturday. The medium of such communication is one of the most important Anglo-American bankers. Venezuela's propositions were mentioned to Ambassador Choate, but pending the result of the direct representations at Washington, no option will be taken by the embassy towards suggesting that Venezuela be given time to submit her proposals.

The new development in the crisis, which is regarded as hourly growing more serious, is due to the arrival in Europe of a secret delegation from the Venezuelan government empowered to deal with the outstanding liabilities of that republic. Until a suitable plan could be arranged, it was considered inadvisable to communicate with the foreign ministers at Caracas, with whom relations have become so strained. Such a plan has now, in the belief of the delegation, been arrived at, and unofficially, through the Anglo-American banker, the attitude of the United States will be ascertained. Besides, the state department will be put in a position to be able to judge of the value of Venezuela's offer and her good faith in the matter.

The details of the plan which will be communicated to the state department are carefully guarded, but it can be announced that the main feature is a unification of all the outstanding government and government guaranteed loans upon a basis of security offered. It is strenuously denied that the present movement is due to any desire on the part of Venezuela "to spare for time" with Great Britain and Germany, and in proof of this it is pointed out that the secret mission left Venezuela before her relations with Great Britain and Germany had assumed the present acute aspect.

COL. MOSBY'S PREDICTION.

Says There Will Be Bloodshed in Nebraska Over the Fence Question.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 29.—Col. John S. Mosby, special land agent for the government, who has been called here to testify before the federal grand jury now in session, says: "There will be bloodshed out in Nebraska over that fence matter before it is done with, but I propose to have the fences torn down, if I have to send a cavalry force there to do it."

"President Roosevelt," continued Col. Mosby, "has assured me that fences would be removed. He said: 'This thing must stop or there will be bloodshed over it.'"

DUEL OVER A GIRL.

One Participant Is Dead and the Other Is Dying.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 29.—At Armadale, Kan., near here, Ernest Damms and Charles W. Tucker, packing house employees, fought a pistol duel over Mabel Randall, a waitress. Damms was mortally wounded but before he died he shot Tucker twice, fatally wounding him. Tucker is still alive. Tucker had met Damms and the girl on the street and without warning fired two shots at him, the wounded man returning the fire as he lay on the ground.

AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

The Blast Furnace Workers Will Ask For It.

Youngstown, O., Nov. 29.—According to the officials of the National Association of Blast Furnace workers that association will on May 1 serve notice on all blast furnace operators throughout the country that eight hours will constitute a day's work. A vote is being taken by the lodges on the question and the replies thus far are in favor of the proposition. Ample notice will be given the manufacturers to consider the proposition.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION.

Lumber, Ship Yards, Steamboats Barges and Houses Burned.

Rat Portage, Ont., Nov. 29.—A spark blown into a pile of cedar started a disastrous conflagration Friday in the Rat Portage Lumber Co.'s yards at Norman, Ont. Twenty-five million feet of lumber have been burned and LeMay's ship yards, six steamboats, two barges and 11 houses have so far been destroyed. Desperate attempts are being made to prevent the flames reaching the residence portion of the town.

Dillon Convalescing.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—John Dillon, the Irish parliamentary leader, has practically recovered from his illness. The authorities at Mercy hospital, where he has been under treatment, said Friday night that he would probably leave there Sunday.

Mining Town Burned.

Deadwood, S. D., Nov. 29.—Fire broke out in the business part of Rocheford, a mining camp, and spread with great rapidity. The flames soon enveloped the only business street of the camp and the town is devastated.

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All correspondence strictly confidential.

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WHERE TO STOP.—When in Lexington, the place to stop is at the Reed Hotel. It is headquarters for Paris and Bourbon county people, and is under the management of genial James Connors, formerly of the Fordham Hotel, in this city. The house is heated by steam, and the table is at all times supplied with the best market afford. Make it your home. 14jan-ft

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